Dear Jim, Rolling Stone 10/10/74/WxPost's WG reporting 11/10/74

As you may recall, I began to get suspicious of the Post boys when they would not follow the most solid Hulton leads. Finally I broke all contact with both and was in touch with Sussman and others for a while. As time passed I developed the theory that they were being fed, not just leaked to. The Caddy chapter of The Unimpeachment, written as soon as I read All the President's Men, uses it to show that the CIA was the feeder. That, in effect, the CIA gave the Post its Pulitzer.

I knew about Fink doing their research for them sometime in early 1973 at the latest, when I was looking for someone to edit the first draft of the first and overlong WG book. A friend of a friend, a man who spends much time at the Library of Congress, knew Fink and that he was working there for Bernstein and Woodward. So, I made no contact with Fink.

There is, of course, much the Post did not use. There is also the sanitized line of the Post's boys book, which required no real WG data. This should have left Fink in possession of much stuff of the kind that one would expect Rolling Stone to go for. If the Post boys let him have anything they got and didn't use.

Taking Fink's piece as an example, I'd say they were limiting him to what he dug up in the Library and not feeding him hot leads to use in his digging for them. There is missing from this Fink piece what the Post had and didn't use on the break-ins that I got from the Post, some of what was ripped off from me. The exception in this case is that I had copied and filed elsewhere some of this before I ran out of copying paper and still have some of the pages the Post didn't use and apparently Fink didn't have because I can't imagine him not using official knowledge if not connection with these break-ins if he had it. His piece seems to be restricted entirely to what was printed. It has a few more details on some than I had, mine coming from two sources other than these secrets, the Post and less frequently, the Times. On the other hand, with some he omits significant details that I have included in the second book that are not secret.

Somebody ran the ship pretty tight. Tight enough so the researcher would not have secrets. And what secrets? Those that reflect badly on the CIA. I go into this with Walters' testimony - not the published version - before the oversight committee.

Hunter Thompson did not by himself put me to sleep but I fell asleep reading his to me tedium. For the first time in a long time I got some physical exercise, a stiff bout of mowing - imagine mowing in this climate into November! - followed after a short rest by pulling out for sawing dozens weed and pushing over dead trees and dragging them out. I'd spotted these trees last year as those that would rot fairly fast, enough to leave no stumps if I gave them time. No stumps meaning I can use a mower in the nearby woods and keep the honeysuckle and poison down better. It was tiring, enough so I again wondered at my lack of stamina. So, instead of working on the short clippings Lil had been keeping for me, which would have required getting up and down to file, I read longer pieces. Several were from Potomac. I found Halleck's informative and misinformative but interesting. The last of this series was Thompson's. I remembered the big opening banger about this great accomplishment of rewriting overnight and had saved it for last, expecting the best.

Ten full, large pages for this nothingness? Of course they had ten pages to fill, which becomes a commentary on the new breed of political scientists and their editors of the new journals of political commentary. You are aware of my strong letter to Rolling Stone on this plan to have Kaiser do an article on assassination theories, which limits them to nuts and gives nuts and misinformation all that attention. This is of the same cloth. And Kaiser is onthat kick, as Lesar told me yesterday or the day before in wondering whether he would speak to Kaiser. It tells me again that for all their skills they remain politcal babies and editorial incompetents outside these skills. Compare, for example, with what I've written. And this is not to brag, because I was too deeply into too much else when I wrote. But in 1972 I wrote what today requires no rewriting from developments and more than six months before this Thompson piece titled a book with enough understanding to anticipate the kind of mistake he and all the genius at Rolling Stone did not. When asked by a German publisher's representative the one of the month of the break-in or thereabouts I gave resignation as one

of a very limited number of possibilities. I believe you were in accord. Now if a couple of older fellows like us, having no direct contact with all the people the Rolling Stone crowd do daily, could see this clearly enough, what kind of collective judgement do they have getting themselves booby-trapped into that kind of situation, with 10 pages outdated in a minute and with all that space to fill on deadline?

If nothing else the reaction of the Nixon hardcore to the Nixon language should have warned them he was on the way out, the questions being how and when.

Perhaps in my weariness I missed what is worthwhile in Thompson's piece. I nodded over it often enough before opting a longer night's sleep. I recall clearly enough his juvenile record as a petty thief, all those fucks and shits he spoke that he has to preserve in imperishable type. How he began ways with a portable TV with which he scaled the fence around the swimming pool of the expensive hotel in which he worked so hard. The Dusn ale. His consternation when his story was ruined by evil old Nixon. (They couldn't even anticipate that confession of direct, personal knowledge and involvement would not force <u>something</u>?)

If I missed what I should not have, please tell me.

What this tells me is that Rolling Stone is an over-rich, extravagant commercialization of the young that produces attractive writing that is not helpful to the understanding of their world by the young, that it is just kind of a Establishmentarian deal.

It did not take this to tell me. The Rolling Stone approach to assassinations had already told me it is an irresponsible operation when it deals with serious matters. It can and probably does produce some good stuff, but when it gets into what requires insight and understanding, as these kinds of stories do, it lacks both and dishes out to its special audience exactly the same kind of misinformation that the straight Establishmentarian press does.

Either way the trusting young and the smaller percentage of trusting not young are not informed or are misinformed.

When I went to bed I was awake enough to think about this until in bed I fell asleep. I look back on a decade of dealing with only breaking stories of which I have not less than a million words in completed books. I can't think of any rewriting that is required by events. The closest thing to it was hoaged, Garrison. There I reduced it to an expression of hope. The first WO book needs no changes from developments. The second, almost completed, with narrower focus, also needs none. Now if one man of no special genius can write books this way, a magazine with all those fancy bright brains can't?

If a ten-year record of not being dated while writing of breaking stories is not proof that it is not hard, what can so? If it were all that hard I'd not have been able to do it. In the book about to come out, written before these events, when Nixon resigned all that I added in a footnote on the date. No more was needed. This book has such on Ford. No word now needs changing and none ever will.

I guess that what I am really saying is that the basic understanding is easy for those not unwilling to understand, and that this new trend, its its special kind of informative expression, doesn't give a fuck or care a shit. It makes money from its special audience, achieving a kind of fame and status at the same time, and what else counts?

Maybe one thing: that the fucked-up minds find it fun, distinguishing somehow between fuck and shit.

Don't stop where you can't make types out. I wanted most of all to record that there really is nowhere people of any age can turn for dependable information.

Which is what I'll tell Mauser of himself and his journal should he call me while on his junket they are paying for. And others from whom I have mail to answer, this new breed of young commercializers calling themselves the Assassination Information Bureau.

Thanks and best,